

THE CANCELLED BOND.

He gave me back the bond,
It was a heavy debt ;
And as he gave, he smiled, and said,
"Thou wilt not me forget."

He gave me back the bond,
The seal was torn away ;
And as he gave, he smiled, and said,
"Think thou of me alway."

That bond I still will keep,
Although it cancelled be ;
It tells me what I owe to him
Who paid the debt for me.

I look on it and smile,
I look again and weep ;
This record of his love to me
For ever will I keep.

A bond it is no more,
But it shall ever tell,
That all I owed was fully paid
By my Emmanuel.

—Anon.

HARVEST.

BY H. H.

"What enemy hath done this thing?" I cried.
"Oh ! treachery that plotted while I slept !
Oh ! Foe that stole while I, confiding, kept
No watch my fairest, dearest field beside ;
My noble field, so sunny and so wide.
Only at midnight could a foe have crept
To work this harm."

Alas ! in vain I wept ;
Too late the poison tares to pluck or hide.
My loss is loss ; such hurt cannot be healed ;
Forever, spite of all new seed I sow,
Past Summer's sun and Winter's purest snow,
Forever poison tares my beauteous field,
Its shining harvests waving to and fro,
Forever poison tares is doomed to yield !

And I, with swift clear-sightedness from pain, }
Like one long blind, who, sudden gaining sight,
Cries out at first, in suffering at the light,
Look back and know, with anguish keen as vain,
No foe who had in treacherous ambush lain,
And stealthy sowed his poison tares by night,
Did work upon my beauteous field this blight.
Humble I walk beside the loaded wain ;
My head bowed down by shame, and dumb my tongue ;
Fate gives each man the gifts he has bestowed,
And meets exact all measures which are owed.
The seed from which these poison tares have sprung.
One idle day my own hand careless flung.
I only reap the harvest that I sowed.